

THE POETRY REVIEW

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I. EUROPEAN VOICES

THE OLD MOON

JOHN REDWOOD ANDERSON

The wrinkled petal of the moon
Went drifting
Over the windy moors of space.

O, how little while it was
Since, in the fields of star-dewed grass,
The round full moon was lifting
Its yellow soft flower-face!

—Wrinkled petal drifting
Over the moors of space.
The wrinkled petal of the moon:
So the wind blows
The petal of the pale dog-rose . . .
So the years pass!
So beauty goes!

THE KILL

JOHN BAYLISS

Lonely and bestial we are at last,
Flesh going sour and mind meeting decay,
The body racked and never left to rest,
Finding the air chill on the hottest day.

It is the rot which strikes the best of trees
And brings to earth the tallest in the park.
After the bravest chase, the huntsman sees
And hears Desire left howling in the dark.

Therefore remember, when the owl is close
And dull black clouds obliterate the moon,
And rusty petals fall about the rose,
And Death comes crawling where the heart has gone,
That all our lust at last turns bestial,
And may out-live the beating of the bell.

STRANGE AFFINITY

FREDA C. BOND

Where have I heard that rustle,
That faintly sighing wind
That breathes from the sky at sunset ?
The cog-wheels of the mind

Revolve, and the dim cathedral
Is here, as the wheels engage,
And a thousand hands together
Turning the printed page.

But the body's eye, dispelling
The mental image, sees
Hundreds of starlings, flying
To their roost in the forest trees.

And the sunset flight of the starlings
With soft, soft sibilance stirs
The air, as the hymn sheets turning
In the hands of the worshippers.

WHOM HAS SHE CHOSEN

For George Barker

MAURICE CARPENTER

Whom she has chosen
Shall first be broken
But the word shall drop
On his lips like bread

Whom she has taken
Shall be flayed alive
And the word rise
Out of his writhing

Whom she has eaten
Shall be bruised and beaten
His body scattered
Upon the water

His bread shall light at last
On the lips of crowds
Singing and shining
On their Sunday out

Whom she has chosen
Shall be Christ's cousin
And the word grow tall
As man with the telling

THE DYING WOMAN

FRANCES CORNFORD

Like an electric fire, clear and rich
I glow for a moment still, as I glowed before
Death, delicately groping, found the switch—
For he, an old technician knows my lore—
To quench me with a click.
Soon I shall be a frigid wire core.
O, hold your hands towards me, warm them quick!
Soon I shall glow no more.

THE MISSAL

ROSEMARY DOBSON

The lovely, lost, italic curve
Enrapt his soul. All day he stared
At A for Apple. Dimly heard
The beating of the holy wings
In D for Dove, but shut his ears
To sound's delight, instead preferred
The E for Eden, marked how stood
The mainstroke like a flaming sword.
The F for Fall. How brief the Flight
With dark descender black as night!
The circumscribed, enchanting sweep
Of G for Goodness, calm and strong
Gently it led his eye along
Delicious pastures of the page.

Then, overleaf, before him burned
The winged and serified letter H
And Heaven was his to have and hold . . .
Oh missal wrought in holy gold.

The arrogance of earthly power
Swash capitals for Kings and Men
Diminished as he turned again
And summoned all his art to raise
The lettered record of his praise . . .
"Ere there was beast or fish or bird,
Before the Voice of Man was heard,
In the Beginning was the Word."

THE MOONBEAM

WILFRID GIBSON

Anxious and ill-at-ease,
He wakens in the night
From a troubled dream;
And, turning in the bed
Towards her sleeping head,
For the first time he sees
Her face lit by the gleam
Of a cold moonbeam—
Her face that, in the glow
Of warm lamplight
Had burned with love so bright,
Now seems a frigid white
Image of froze
Wind-chiselled snow,
Adrift with him on some remote
Arctic icefloe,
Whereon for evermore
Through loveless years they float
In polar seas
That freeze
His blood and breath,
While he beside her lies
Under blind moon-ensorceled skies
Longing for death.

AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE

In Memoriam: Alice Gray Meakin,
Holy Trinity, Brompton, March 1, 1950.

For Basil Meakin

JOHN GAWSWORTH

There were roses, there were lilies
And the voice of Amaryllis*
When you passed on your way,
Alice Gray;
And the voice of Amaryllis
Here evokes you where the still is
Engulfing now your void on our March day.

You were anthemed with high measures,
You were sung highest of treasures
At that hour when you were called upon to stray,
Alice Gray,
And the Voice above all pleasures
Who to His beloved gives leasures
Exercised His will to veto our weak "Nay."

There were lilies, there were roses
Born of banks where love reposes
When you left us for a time on this March day,
Alice Gray;
And the Voice no chapter closes
For your being verse not prose is
And its vital vibrant lyricisms stay,
*Although you stray
From our day,
Alice Gray.*

* A soprano member of the Choir

U N K I N D

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

Though blurred his images, though false his stresses,
You were unkind to call him insincere.
Truly his verse the man himself expresses,
Who sees with half an eye, and has no ear.

DANCE-SONG

(Translated from Angelo Poliziano)

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.
Lilies and violets blossomed all around
On the green turf, and flowers new-sprung and fair—
Yellow, and blue, and red, and white—were found;
Then I reached out my hand to pluck them there,
To decorate with them my own brown hair,
And with a wreath confine its disarray.

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

But when I'd plucked a border-full of blossom,
I saw with various hues the roses bloom,
And so I ran to fill my lap and bosom,
So soft and fragrantly they breathed perfume;
For thence I felt a sweet desire consume
My heart, where heavenly pleasure made its way.

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

I pondered to myself, "Of all these roses,
How can I tell among them which are fairest,
Which of them lately now its bud discloses,
Which are still fresh, and which to fading nearest?"
Then Love said, "Gather those which seem in rarest
And fullest blossom on the thorny spray—"

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

"When first the rose's petals are outspread,
Most lovely and most welcome it appears;
Then weave it in a garland for your head,
In time, before its beauty disappears:
Even so, young girls, while its pride still it wears,
Gather the rose that makes your garden gay."

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

NOW FROM HER COLD SPHERE

PHILIP HENDERSON

Now from her cold sphere of transparency,
Through perspectives of bewildering irony,
Her behaviour meticulously nice,
Familiar, strange, the same and not the same,
She comes to meet me smiling softly at the game,
Aphrodite melting from a sea of ice.

To meet her I go a contrary direction,
Remembering what is real and what reflection.
Each path returns upon itself again,
And the way is most delusive when most plain.
As on a board, in a glass each move's contrived
To go no further than the game's prescribed.
So emotions move to ultimate checkmate,
And loves, though parallel, may never meet.
Nearest when most far, united in a thought,
Proximity will only cancel out to nought:
Each feeling whittled to its lowest fraction,
Till nothing's left but the bare reflection—
The glass in which I meet a calm desire,
Ironic radiance of chilling fire.

The cold music running through my blood in terror
Is her laugh as she dissolves into the echoing mirror.

HELEN'S LAMENT

PHOEBE HESKETH

Not any man's mistress—only my own;
All I ask is a heart of stone,
And rot in the rose my blood has grown.

No one can love more than I have loved,
And none move a heart as I have moved
Each one I touched, and yet love proved

More than enough for those who came
With traitrous breath to dim love's flame,
And burn it red in the lamp of shame.

I gave what I had, and they took no thought
To measure the more than the sham they sought;
Then discovered a joy that is not bought.

But fearful of heartbreak, careful of ease,
They blundered backward through blinding trees,
In binding brambles up to the knees.

A star lost light when I was born,
For the tree is bare and the rose is torn,
And only a shadow sits under the thorn.

Winter is treading through splintered glass
Where ghosts by my broken window pass—
But ghost-feet bleed on the bladed grass.

DOG

WRENNE JARMAN

You dwell on me as if I were supreme—
Some tall vicereine of Dogdom sprung to power
By pride, no doubt, of two legs over four,
A gothic vertebration you esteem.
With tilted head, pricked ears constrainedly still,
Dropped jaw, limp tongue, dark questful eyes aflame,
You wait the weakest shadow of my will.
Once, aeons ago, you gazed at me the same . . .

Across that gulf we stare, and stare across
The other chasm of our different kinds,
And bridge them both, and think that we are friends.
I levy for the word, the stick I toss,
An utter faithfulness beyond men's minds,
And know I must betray you in the end.

CRUSADE IN EUROPE

CARLA LANYON LANYON

Carp and trout, roach and grayling
Uncatchable under the moat bridge
Of the empty Normandy chateau;
A tethered cow in a field without railing,
Square farm in a square of trees on a ridge
At the edge of the poppied plateau—

Over this open landscape went the tanks,
All those Americans in their white-starred trucks
From Oregon and Tennessee;
Into this quiet country broke the Yanks
With ambulances, jeeps and ducks,
Crusading for the name of Liberty.

They came and went away. The same carp lies
Uncaught under the bridge; even the farm still stands
Set in its sea-windbreaker square of trees;
The milch cow with the melancholy eyes,
The crimson clover strip, the barley lands
Resume their mild and several purposes.

But somewhere in Wisconsin in the fall
Eating under a sumac, a hired man
Remembers that these scented fields were warm
One day in June in France; thinks about his pal
Who came home in a coffin as crusaders easily can,
And the immemorial peasant girl at the farm.

THE FEAR OF WAR

PETER RUSSELL

One more tomorrow all our deaths will be
Annihilated where that fatal tree
Spreads in the sun. Blossoms will fall
For the last time on the desolate city

Where the Spring Rejoicings are left by all
As superfluous where the mushroom ball
Breaks in the air—uncanny silence be
Where once blackbird and song-thrush used to call.

H U N G E R

HUW MENAI

What urgent, grim starvation,
What groaning, desperate mood
Of poverty, beyond first dawning
Made worlds for food?

What mighty Hunger, brooding,
The Dearth of Chaos enticed
To make souls for sustenance,
Scapegoats of Christ,

That could not come into being
Nor that lone Being maintain
But by a self-transfusion,
Spread of its pain,

Mars, Venus, Orion's dog-star—
Corpuscles white and red
In a blood-stream that for ever
Takes life from the dead?

E P I T H A L A M I U M

"Prends-y garde, ô ma vie absente!"—RIMBAUD

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

'Take care, my absent life, take care!
For conscience trembles on the stair
That leads up to the Judge of hearts.
Celestial satisfaction parts;
But now my thoughts rove here and there.
Take care, my absent life, take care!

'Take care, my absent life, take care!
May luck befall this plighted pair,
And may the dream I dreamed for one
Shine on you both, no setting sun,
Nor blast your ardours with its glare!
Take care, my absent life, take care!

HOLY DYING

R. H. MOTTRAM

Then one arose within our cosy room,
Where such an intimate debate
Had run on Death, Our Happy Doom
To be with God initiate,
But none would hasten, nor embark
On that last step into the dark. . . .

One opened wide the friendly door,
Said: "Farewell all. My love to you,
My time is come, and so Adieu!"
And stepped outside and closed it. Nor
Could any answer. That was all
That need be said; no funeral
More dignified or Christian-like could be.
Truly, we thought, a holy way to die.

AUTUMN

THOMAS MOULT

I saw a pheasant lighting on the moor
To cool his white-ringed throat beside a pool,
The sun shone through his feathers splendidly,
To me he was a bird most beautiful.
And when, with trumpetings, he rose across the wheat
He did not seem a thing for men to tear and eat.

I see a pheasant in a city store,
Hanging, limp now and silent, from a hook.
His strong young wings are broken: pitiful
His sunken head and sheenless plumage look.
The cold blood trickles from his pinioned feet . . .
And still he seems no thing for men to tear and eat.

CANZONET

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

There was a soft soft sighing.
 Miracle came to pass
 As delicately as
 Faint wind-flower, wild white violet,
 Exhale from April grass.
 Alas!
 Some strange ethereal things are long a-dying,
 So sweetly taunting yet
 Even within the last cold ivory portals.
 And a soul nonchalant as an immortal's
 With a soft soft sighing
 Still must regret
 What came to pass
 As delicately as
 Faint wind-flower, wild white violet
 Exhale from April grass.—
Alas!

II. NORTH AMERICAN VOICES

As many as there are weeks in the year, so we have received, and conserved to study, the offerings of fifty-two would-be contributors from the North American Continent. With our greatly restricted space, we can only represent our nine favourite pieces; but we would like to make expression of our appreciation to all these so encouraging well-wishers by recording their names in our pages, even if we were unable to publish work by more than a handful. Besides our Nine North American Muses, then, we proffer thanks to thirty-seven residents of the United States, namely:—Beulah Vic Bickley, Stanley Book, William W. Chance, Stanton A. Coblentz, Hazel Griffith Davis, Donald M. Decker, Jay Roderic de Spain, Jean Chalmers Donaldson, Lincoln Fitzell, Helen Hartness Flanders, Geraldine Fournier, Gertrude Shisler Greenwood, Hélène Grossenbacher, Phyllis Sutherland Hanson, Agnes MacCarthy Hickey, Gertrude Howard, Cullen Jones, Joan Muriel Kuhl, Ben Lewis, Polly McKibben, Mary O'Connor, Kenneth Patchen, Aveline Perkins, Marie Tello Phillips, Harriet Plumptre, Clarence Alva Powell, John Robert Quinn, Rosamond Reinhardt, H. T. D. Robinson, Clinton Rogers, Pearl Safford, Grace Buchanan Sherwood, Lena Mearle Shull, Sidonie Stewart, Everard Stokes, Billie Williams and Hans F. Winterkorn; as, also, to six residents of Canada, J. R. G. Adams, Charles Bruce, A. Frisch, James Kerr, Josephine H. Pugsley and Geraldine Wright. To all goes our gratitude:—Editor, *The Poetry Review*.

SONG FOR BEN JONSON

ROBERT BELOOF (U.S.A.)

Others, Ben, have said a prayer
Before the altar of your Works.
I am also going there,
But have stopped to fill and toast
Your hot spirit, always here
In a tavern-full of sparks,
And wet my tongue
To keep from wrong
Your reputation
In men's affection
When my deeper reverence speaks.

Others, Ben, have taught me much
That I, fighting, had to know,
Lending willingly a crutch
When I broke my verse's boast,
But you layed down the law that such
Was not the proper way to go;
That jewelled gold
Was worked and scrolled
And the smooth dance
Is never chance
Which makes the liquid public show.

But others, Ben, if I should kneel,
Might discount this greatest rule
And, skipping continent or isle,
Try erecting only coast.
Besides, a prayer appears but guile
To corpse so lively, so the most
That I will do
To honour you
Is pledge this toast
From us, the lost,
Who need you, friendly, tyrannous ghost.

P O V E R T Y

CLARA EDMUNDS-HEMINGWAY (U.S.A.)

The sculptor, Want, has hollowed out her cheek;
Her haggard eyes are midnight pools of woe;
At times the welling tears must overflow,
To leave dark channels, cut like knife on teak.
Her eyes so vocal that she need not speak;
A heart half-broken, under parried blow;
Her spirit bruised and bleeding, she will go
Across life's desert, faint with thirst and weak.

Deep bitterness and misery are here,
For she had once been happy, free and gay.
The crushing burden, acid, blinding tear,
For those who fight, to drive the wolf away;
For Poverty knows clutching, clawing fear,
Companioned by sheer terror, night and day.

S O N N E T

ALBERTINE FOX (U.S.A.)

A sullen panther in the darkened mind
Is pacing in a lost and lonely room,
There he awaits, not wilfully confined,
Nor patiently, the hour of your doom.
He waits in caverns of the darkened brain
Ready to rip the healing wound apart,
And tear the fragile tissue over pain
Which time has made upon the wounded heart.

To you who ask me, now these days have come
So long upon me with their promised ease,
Whether or not that sorrowed love is dumb
And laid to rest beneath time's willow trees,
I answer only: In my brain there climbs
A panther who has never heard of time!

ELEPHANTS

R. H. GRENVILLE (CANADA)

They have no voice worth mentioning, and are
Less carved than hewn. No nimbleness, no grace
Atones for this affront, but adds to it
The small, pig eyes in the outrageous face;
The tiny tail and plodding, ponderous feet.
Yet, in this place, amidst the milling crowd
That moves from cage to cage to grin and gape,
I see some reason for their being proud
And understand, with something close to shame,
The strength in which their sovereignty took root,
Moving through fronded forests long ago
While sluggish aeons rumbled underfoot.

THE PARTHENON FLOODLIT

DAPHNE HEReward (U.S.A.)

This does not belong to the scene around us,
Where we stand in the stony streets and houses,
Picking out our way in the starlit blackness
Round Lukabetos;

This does not belong to the scene before us,
Tiny lights that shine in the inky darkness,
Some around the rock that is even darker,
Some in the distance;

All alone is the marble temple shining,
Every whitened pillar and frieze and cornice
Gleaming from within with a light unearthly,
Floating before us.

You have come from an older, greater Athens,
Over twenty centuries we behold you,
You are part of the days that shone with glory,
Not of the darkness.

As we turn away to the darkened city
We shall think of what we beheld in beauty,
Hoping for the dawn as we trace our pathway
Under the starlight.

P O E M

MARGARET LOUISE POTTER (NOVA SCOTIA)

Blind, she sat before her window-sill;
The full light of the moon upon her face.
And yet—with unseeing eyes and broken will
She sat and stitched a garment in the night,
The pattern of a soul in flowered lace.
Stitch upon stitch, row upon row, and still
The full moon furrowed on the window-sill;
Two potted plants turned crimson, and their flame
Warned to the silence. Row upon row again
Her garment in the night, a pale and fragile thing—
Born in the hush, the tranquil hour of sleep.
Her fingers moved, blue-veined, as if to sing
Or dance across the golden sheet
Of Heaven's way under the full-moon light.

And without cease
She stitched the broken threads,
Crease upon crease.
The neighbours in their beds were dreaming, too,
Of potted plants upon a window-sill
And a blind girl who spent the night
Under the full-moon light
Mending a broken will. . . .

FROM "COME UP, COME UP, CHRISTINA"

To Christina Rossetti

DAVID RUSSELL (U.S.A.)

Come up, come up, Christina,
You have been there too long;
Out of the dim-lit shadows
Come with your pulsing song.

Come with your quiet music
Whose breath is ripe with May,
Casting your secret shadows,
And sing for us today.

Too long, too long, Christina,
You have been lost in dream
Walking the mystic shadows
Beyond earth's urgent theme.

Now we have need, Christina,
Of music pure and clear
That can dispel our shadows
And bring creation near. . . .

THE MUMMY IN THE MUSEUM,
VANCOUVER

NINA HOWE SMITH (CANADA)

O Panechates*, daughter of Hatre,
Panechates, well-endowed,
When you were born was there feasting and laughter?
Was your mother happy?
Was your father proud?

Panechates, maiden, little daughter,
Elders smiled, slaves bowed
When you passed imperial and slender.
In your hereafter
Stuffed peacocks stand you guard,

And weasels mounted; careful tapestries
Attend you in the land of the dead,
And axes made of stone, and Manchu ladies' shoes.
Thus honoured, you lie tearless
In your cheerless bed.

Panechates, little daughter, Hatre
Who loved you called you 'Well-endowed';
So small and dear, so delicate and tender
—Was he not proud?
So long now endowed beyond all rapture.

* The name Panechates means 'Well-endowed'.—N.H.S.

CELEBRITY

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN (U.S.A.)

Bleached, plucked, and flaccid, heavily insured,
You burn upon the filament of night.
The palm-lined canyon where your heart is mured
Echoes a challenge to its troglodyte.
The jewelled toad is cousin to your house
And squats within the eucalyptus wood;
Enjoin the moth, the lizard, and the mouse
From dwelling in your white-walled neighbourhood.
Compel the traffic of the commonplace
To pass demurely by your redwood door;
Evangelists, discerning in your face
Their tickling fever, pause to call you whore.
Your friends, arriving drunk but well-advised,
Invade your emptiness and dub it quaint;
Eager as children for the advertised
Seductions of a perfume or a paint,
They stare upon the cherubs of your bed,
Steal swizzle-sticks and larger souvenirs,
Take notes for memoirs of a maidenhead
And name the fog a distillate of tears.
But you, the Messalina of the arts,
Sitting alone with milk and sleeping-pills,
Retch in the bowl when death and morning starts
And close your eyes upon the eunuch hills.

THE POETRY OF BRYAN GUINNESS

BY MONK GIBBON

Poetry establishes itself in our minds by a variety of expedients. There is the direct frontal attack. An individual poem captures us in the way that *Innisfree* captured Robert Louis Stevenson, and we sit down and write to the unknown author, as Stevenson wrote to Yeats, in a mood of exultant approval. More often, however, we are converted to the work of a poet by a process of gradual association. Each poem fits into an already existent pattern in our mind. Our appreciation is sharpened by the fact that we feel we know the mental background which produced it. For example, we read Hopkins today in a way that we could never possibly have read him at the time when Bridges published that rather grudging selection in his anthology at the beginning of the century; and there are a multitude of poems by Hardy which gain enormously by being read in the light of what we know of Hardy's personality. As for Yeats he creates the appropriate receptivity almost as a magician does with incantations: we are entranced not only by phrase and cadence but by certain personal associations already well established. That is to say, the poet himself is always present to our mind. It was not always so. I remember finding in a bound volume of *Harper's*, or perhaps *Munsey's Magazine*, for the year 1896 a brief review with the cutting headline *A Very Minor Poet Indeed*. It began:—"Mr. Yeats in a little volume under the misleading title of *Poems* . . ." and it ended by quoting as quite trivial, and holding up to scorn, a verse of *Down by the Salley Gardens*. That critic was reading Yeats out of his context in the same way that Morley read him when he rejected his poems for Macmillan. Today the contrary is true and he reaches his readers through an aura of prestige.

All this is relevant to the consideration of a poet who has done very little to advertise himself or to create a favourable spotlight of publicity for his poems. If Bryan Guinness could be described as "the bad Lord Moyne", if his political convictions were unexpected, or if his lines had the advantage of being totally incomprehensible, or were peppered with a comma after every single word (vide five pages of 'poetry' in one of the last issues of *Horizon*, a quarterly which, I hasten to add, had my admiration) then one could feel that he had done something to establish himself in the heart of his readers. As it is, he has done nothing beyond publishing his three volumes, receiving the hall-mark of Yeats' approval in his second series of Broadsheets, and watching his work find its way slowly into the nets spread by the anthologists. His context is being built up without adventitious aids and must be sought in the books themselves.

It is a wise enough policy. If we like these poems we will like them because they reveal not a born publicist but a fastidious spirit. The delightful vignettes to his last book *Reflexions*, (done by a namesake but not a relative of mine, who only swam into my ken by his work on this occasion), are completely attuned to the mood of the contents. They are charming, evocative, and quintessential. Like that unforgettable vignette on the cover of the first issue of Moore's *Aphrodite in Aulis*, they put us in the humour to appreciate the grace, the lightness of touch and a certain classic ease in the words which follow.

As in these foreign rocks the same voiced sea
That whispers there to you, talks here to me,
Or on the hills the sound of water calls
Threading my thought with silver as it falls
To bind the shining of the Syrian stream
With recollections of the burns that gleam
By winding Etive, where with lavender eyes
You watch reflective for the trout to rise,
Where Deirdre and the sons of Usna played
That sailed untimely when they could have stayed,
Or as, in spite of intervening wars,
An only pattern of triumphant stars,
Over the separate windows of our sight,
Burns in the single ceiling of the night,
So while behind my lids your image walks
And in my ears your gentle voice still talks,
I hold the hope that, each returning Spring,
When the sun is dazzled by your flowering,
Deep in your petals, like a persistent bee,
Sings in yourself a murmuring of me.

This is deliberate utterance, as deliberate as that of the eighteenth century, but linked to our own time, and to a theme whose emotion is personal. It was written from Beyrut or Damascus during the late war, but its nostalgia would be appropriate to any poet on active service in any age. Its sincerity is patent, and it carries all the force of its own restraint. Made not less but more effective because it says the thing so quietly, it is paralleled by many other poems in the same volume. By never over-stressing his point, by depending, rather, in certain poems on the emphasis of under-statement, by choosing his theme not capriciously but with either a homely affection—two of the best poems in the book are one about people kneeling in church, and another about children blackberrying with their parents,—or else with the complete humility of a man who, when everyone else is shouting, ventures his own verdict on the matter in a quiet aside, Lord Moyné as poet wins our respect. He has something to say. He says it and is content. Even when he comments on immensities he

does so in a sort of dry undertone. Occasionally his inspiration may seem too slight, or his sense of form uncritical, as in the six line poem *Artillery*, which begins so well

Let us despise the dust we are
That could devise the art of war . . .

but which ends, to the ear of this reader at least, as though the poet had abandoned his search for epigrammatic perfection and been content to keep his thought but to lose its rapier-thrust. But even where he fails he never gives the impression that he has failed because he forced the pace. He has suffered, but he does not say a great deal about that, as though conscious that the suffering of this age has been so immense that for most of us—even in the face of our personal trials—silence is almost an obligation, a matter of pride and a sense of proportion. He sees much that he loves being swept away from life; he is conscious that

The arguments
Of the parliaments
Are forced and harsh
As the crying of crows . . .

But he does not rant; he does not become strident himself. He can stand in his garden in Ireland and steady his mind with the thought that the oak

Throws up a stubborn sweetness to the stars.

Or at Biddesden, in that very poem which I have just quoted upon the subject of parliaments, he can end by noting this significant fact:—

Behind the shelter in the wood
The hurdle-maker winds a rod
And as he twists
With his old wrists
Does only good.

No moralist on rural virtue could put his point more briefly or more effectively than that.

The poem which gives its title to the book, *Under the Eyelid*, must be well known to many through Robert Lynd's anthology. Here for a brief moment the lover becomes the metaphysician and we have an analysis of mental process as well as a love poem. The analysis is as satisfactory as anything which the physiologists have been able to tell us in a recent series upon the air, about such things, and it has the added gain of being poetry. And presently the lover draws his own deductions from the process, and suggests that he might be able to turn this matter of mental imagery to his own advantage. It is all said persuasively, straightforwardly and with a sort of sly insolence. Indeed, the lover who emerges in these poems is a little of a mystery. He voices himself with eighteenth-century formality and an occasional touch of eighteenth-century frankness. He does not disguise the fact that he is sensuous; but whereas he can be distinctly

cynical at the expense of social life he is never cynical at the expense of love. He may adumbrate upon the topic of the beloved in the manner of Pope, or allow summer to start him on a train of thought which suggests a Louis Quatorze vignette of Daphnis and Chloë; but his love is not feigned and not artificial, and it would not be surprising to find that it was nearer the domesticity of Louis Seize than the vagaries of his two predecessors. The love poems suggest to me not so much another poet, Donne, as a painter—the Frenchman, Boucher. They have the freshness, the lyricism, the grace of one of Boucher's pictures in the Wallace collection, and the same frank acceptance of the sensuous element in love. The satyr, the faun is not far off, but the faun is not brutal, not debased or licentious, but merely aware of what Pan may have whispered one day in his ear, that our senses can stir poetic apprehensions in us, as well as our minds. To a moralist Boucher may seem too sharp a reminder of the grace and charm of which a beautiful young woman is capable, and seen 'with Roman leer' through the eye of a character in Petronius, his themes must soon appear tarnished. One can imagine Tolstoy raging against them—as he rages in *The Kreutzer Sonata*—as examples of poeticised, and therefore insidious, more dangerous, pornography. But even sensuality has its own kind of innocence, and a Boucher, through innocent eyes, is fresh and lovely and no more to be rebuked than this poet who turns away from the banalities, vulgarities and insincerities of a cocktail party where a negro pianist croons libidiously and who remembers instead the freshness of lonely places,

Meanwhile the lovers in the silent wood,
In navel, breasts and mouth discover good;
Whisper love's name, nor are misunderstood.

In his rôle of lover Lord Moyne shows himself ardent, perceptive, and quick to respond to every nuance of mood and place. But his reaction to Nature and the human scene is equally perceptive, equally sensitive. He evokes the city of Paris for us in two seasonal pictures of considerable skill. His Paris in winter has touches of satire at the expense of the too curious tourist, but its real effect is visual, and we are back once more beside the book-trays along the Seine whose owners pacing to and fro like sentries wear woollen gloves and "flap penguinlike their hands".

His irony at the expense of the tourist in this poem is good natured enough; but sometimes apparent urbanity conceals a fierce hatred, and sometimes there is not even the appearance of urbanity. He defines the modern hospitality of the cocktail party at the beginning of *Parties* (the poem which ends with the picture of woodland lovers already quoted).

Here Friendship founders in a sea of friends,
And harsh-lipped Bubbly cannot make amends;
Nor all the poison shaken in a flask
That hands the insistent host with smiling mask.

In his first book *Twenty-Three Poems* there is a poem, *Liberty Hall*, which shows the same fierce intensity of resentment, a poem with nothing gentle about it. Some of his other excursions into free verse are less effective and it is chiefly in his earlier verse that we find them. When he does use it, it is always with a definite purpose. He is scornful of those who standing in front of the Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery, gazing at the blue-vesture madonna can think only of the much-publicised price of the picture:—

Quatre-
vingt-
huit
mille
livres sterling
Quatre-vingt-huit mille livres
On a payé,
Quatre-vingt-huit mille livres
sterling

Oi-oi-oi,
repondit-elle
Oi-oi-oi
/ respondeant omnes.
And mammon with his bones and beak
And Mammon with his griffon's claw
Has seized the museum.

This is personal indignation and nearly every poem is personal; for even when he writes,

Lovers absent choke with sighing:
Their mind grows dark with groping fears:
Their breast is wrenched with smothered crying:
Their eyes burn, full of frozen tears.—

we sense, behind the generalisation, an individual experience. He has expected much from love in the past and perhaps been disappointed; he has expected much from Nature and she has solaced him again and again, and still does. All the bias of his mind appears to be towards the normal, traditional, creaturely joys of home, family, farmstead, countryside; and, even when he jibes at modern civilisation, he refuses to allow his anger to overwhelm him or to push him in the direction of despair. He remembers the old man twisting rods from the osier beds to make hurdles and is comforted. To rage unduly would be out of keeping with his character, and indeed if he raged more we might feel that he had felt the matter less. As it is we surmise great depth of feeling hidden under what might sometimes seem almost feigned indifference. He never suggests the Epicurean. He suggests rather a spirit anxious to recapture that lost art of all childhoods, the art which allows us to extract happiness from quite simple things.

POETRY IN AUSTRALASIA

7. ROSEMARY DE BRISSAC DOBSON (b. 1920)*

BY PHILIP LINDSAY

As Rosemary Dobson is the granddaughter of Austin Dobson one inevitably seeks comparison between their work; and a likeness does exist. While Austin, however, was content to dwell with porcelain figures in dainty attitudes, Miss Dobson, although often entering this world of fantasy, has given flesh and blood to his images. Her work, also, might be called "dainty", but it has not Austin's foppish frivolity: hers is an exquisite feminine daintiness saved by a sense of humour from any possibility of lapsing into her grandfather's archness. That humour is very feminine, a wise, amused, yet sadly tolerant vision of a world with which one cannot grow angry but must accept, wryly perhaps on occasions, but never with anger or bitterness. Even her devil is a very gentlemanly devil in the sardonic sequence, *The Devil and the Angel*, when the pair go seeking souls. Their choice of souls is significant, being typical of Miss Dobson's attitude towards life which sees the sad clown in humankind and the reality in art so that both are often confused, art and the artist, man's creations with man himself; and there is her scarecrow who wanted neither heaven nor hell but said

"Give me a field of sunshine

And the birds," he said, "and their rude remarks in passing;

And a bit of a banter with hares in the corn at evening,

And the farmer taking a swig from his bottle at noonday.

And a slip of a girl with his lunch tied up in a napkin;

Don't talk to me," he said.

Paintings are to her a constant source of inspiration. Again and again she writes about them or about the artists who painted them. And she can suggest in her blank verse—and few poets have managed to make this form so lyrical—the very colours of a picture with the personality of the artist. Both painting and artist are often one to her. Artists walk into their own pictures or the pictures come alive and eat and talk and drink. Always there is union between the work and the watcher and she can express one's feelings about a painting far more truly than any art critic, her reaction being emotional and therefore not confused with technicalities which too often obscure without revealing the beauty of a picture. Here, in *Wonder*, we see clearly this merging of art with life and the dream:

* Miss Dobson has published two books of poetry: *In a Convex Mirror*, 1944 (Dymock's, George Street, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia) and *The Ship of Ice*, 1948 (Angus & Robertson, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and 48 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.).

Turn the page of the book and enter, marvelling
 ("Jan van Eyck was here"), a soundless room,
 The windows open, a little late sunlight, the mirror,
 Two figures, a dog. Remember, five centuries after,
 The paint splashed on a sleeve, the flicker of brushes,
 Steps unheard on the stair.

(I, also, wordless, was there.)

Wonder is music heard in the heart, is voiceless:
 Lazarus having conversed with angels was dumb,
 Brushing the questions aside with a gesture of dreaming,
 Still dazzled with darkness, turning his face to the wall.
 So Cortes returned perhaps to the Old World after—
 So many years and his eyes still brimming with sea.
 Without ovation of guns or trumpets and pennons,
 Wonder is lastly in finding the Pole, with only
 Amazement flowering in a waste of snow.

Like most Australian poets, Miss Dobson is fascinated by the sea, that vast Pacific foaming on the hundreds of beaches, crashing with giant breakers on which the surf-bathers ride; but she sees it as a lonely space in which humanity becomes lost, isolated, and her one narrative poem, *The Ship of Ice*, tells of the English schooner, *Jenny*, which left Lima in 1823 and was locked in an ice-barrier of the Antarctic Circle for thirty-seven years. When the barrier opened in 1860, a passing whaler saw the frozen ship and when the discoverers went aboard they found the bodies of the skipper, his wife and the crew in a perfect state of preservation. As with Miss Dobson's paintings and scarecrows, these iced figures speak, each from its moment of time, being forever doomed to remain immovable, each with its secrets. Thus does humanity appear to Miss Dobson, her ship being the world and the men and the women aboard her you and me, helpless to act and inarticulate when we would speak. The lad with the bucket tries to remember why he holds it as he stands "waiting tortured with memory—a half forgetting;" and the other sailors also try to grope into the past, to comprehend their mysterious doom, realising only that they are alone and cannot communicate with one another. There is one who recalls that he had cried, "God stiffen the skipper!" and fears that his curse has fallen not only the skipper but on himself and his comrades: there is the skipper's young wife, frozen not only in ice but by her husband's coldness towards her:

"The Captain, my husband. My husband, but firstly, the Captain."
 I suppose I expected too much, warmth and affection,
 A certain sensation of being longed for, a feeling
 Of being at one and at home though a ship was our shelter
 With wind-whipped deck and a reeling cabin of cold.

White as a bride of ice in a ship set southwards,
 White with the sterile whiteness of frost, not petals
 With promise of summer; children to laugh in the orchard,
 The warmth of love that would seed the fruit of the womb.

Then her husband, the captain, the righteous one who in his righteousness would not sleep with her, he now stands appalled, incredulous that God could smite one who was sinless. He alone cannot feel that he is to blame for this common misery.

The influence of Douglas Stewart and, less strongly, of Kenneth Slessor, can be felt in this work but at heart it remains original in its vision. Thus it is that Miss Dobson sees the world and the mood is reflected in many of her poems. You and I and the man and the woman next door are each of us iced from one another and cannot meet, no matter how we yearn for our spirits to mingle. We must sail on, watching from a distance, each damned with memories and regrets yet steering with hope towards a nameless port and, finally, to death.

Which is the worst aloneness? Who would be wise?
 Listen. There is being alone that we all must come to,
 Death the most naked journey—departure—arrival—
 However you choose to view it.
 There is being alone in a crowd, a chosen withdrawal
 A singling apart of the mind.

Also in action.

A man alone with a lathe and a plane while the shavings
 Noiselessly fall to the ground. Or one who whistles
 All day behind his plough with a word to no one
 While the brown earth opens in darker waves behind him;
 Or a fisherman mending his nets by the edge of the sea.
 And in creation
 A man alone with his paints, a flicker of brushes
 In a web spun out of silence.
 Or a woman sitting with hands folded over her womb.
 And some are lonely
 When the lover leaves and the flame goes out of living.
 But worst of all is for seven, alone, together,
 Neither with past nor future but walled in ice
 With sometimes thoughts between us shaped like words
 But soundless . . .

Lest with this emphasis on loneliness I suggest that Miss Dobson's work is melancholic—which it most definitely is not: it is usually gay—I should like to quote one of her satirical poems which show, with their understanding of character and use of speech-inflexions, that there is an

excellent novelist in Miss Dobson should she ever settle down to use a larger if less delicate canvas. Here, for example, is her *Monumental Mason*:

This angel here is maybe to your liking,
Stand off a little till I shift the column—
You see, she is a lady, fit to weep
Above the headstones of the most discerning,
And many gentlemen have ordered copies.
Myself, I like a cherub; here are several
Crowded together blowing trumps of doom
And all at different angles.

Or a scroll say,
An urn, an hour-glass—for Eternity.
Or perhaps you'd like a book that's laid wide open
Inscribed with hopeful thoughts of the Hereafter,
"Here Lies", "Death Fetched Him", and "Immortal Bliss",
Crowned with a wreath of everlasting daisies.
A vault with "Fallen Asleep" above the lintel,
Perhaps "Gone Before" and "He Awaits Above"
Or "Dearly Loved" with your outstanding virtues
Listed for precept—

I beg your pardon,
A wicked life! And various, violent sins!
Oh quite—no need to catalogue—of course,
I understand. Well, perhaps a simple slab . . .
You'd like Satanic Figures—and some Flames!
Well, bless me, quite irregular I'm afraid.
No, I regret, most definitely no.
I have a duty to the other bodies
And guard the dignity of my profession.
Indeed we are, sir, in our little way
The last accountants of this earthly life;
All fathers, sisters, cousins, new-born babes,
The wise and foolish, and the lost and strayed,
I hold it in the cunning of my hand
To keep their memory from the rage of time.
Oh, sinner, soldier, virgin, saint, and thief,
I keep your secrets and my mouth is dumb,
Only my hand is audible and spells
Hic Jacet Rose and Harry, Luke and Tom.
Come moss, come lichen, fire and flood and time
I turn all weathers like a sculptured saint
And intercede for human frailty
With graven letters on a steadfast stone.

Such an amused outlook as revealed here saves Miss Dobson from allowing pity to weaken her vision. Mankind might seem to her pitiful, it is true, but it is also comic and on occasions grotesque in its simple vanity and its too often aimless journeyings. Her favourite method is blank verse, and blank verse which never stutters into *vers libre*, remaining taut, nervous and strong, the perfect medium for life's satirical recorder. Should she unite this method with drama, a truly great work can be expected; but we need not demand too much as yet. What she offers is perfect in itself, and unique: a delicate graceful vision, a mirror in which we may see ourselves, not distorted by malice, yet posturing in attitudes not exactly dignified.

NEGATIONS AND AFFIRMATIONS

Louis MacNeice: *Collected Poems*, 1925-48 (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.)

Roy Campbell: *Collected Poems* (The Bodley Head, 15s.)

Clifford Dymont: *Selected Poems*, 1935-48 (Dent, 7s. 6d.)

Rex Warner: *The Hyppolitus of Euripides: a new translation* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

REVIEWED BY P. D. CUMMINS.

"It's no go my honey love, it's no go my poppet;
Work your hands from day to day, the winds will blow the profit.
The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever,
But if you break the bloody glass you won't hold up the weather."

Thus Mr. MacNeice in the grimly ironical *Bagpipe Music*. It's no go, it's no go: this is the *leit-motif* of his *Collected Poems* which cover the years from 1925, when the glass first began to fall, up till 1948 when, even though the war had been won, it showed no signs of rising. It's no go, it's no go; there's no hope, nothing will come of anything, so turn on your radios full-blast, crowd the cinemas and stadiums or read your bible, if you prefer—it's all one, you can't escape, it's no go, negation.

How desperately Mr. MacNeice is aware of the senseless tragedy of a world caught up in a web of futility of its own spinning can clearly be seen in the most poignant poem of this collection: *Prayer Before Birth*:

"I am not yet born, console me.
I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me,
with strong drugs dope me, with wise lies lure me,
on black racks rack me, in blood-baths roll me."

No more terrible indictment of an age has ever been written. T. S. Eliot came near it in *We are the Hollow Men*, but in his later work, Eliot has transcended this hopelessness, has found a way out of the waste-land. Not so Mr. MacNeice. He is an intellectual; he thinks because he must, and for him, to think is to despair. In *Cradle Song for Miriam* he writes:

"Sleep, sleep, Miriam,
And as for this animal of yours
He must be cradled also,
That he may not unravel this handiwork of forgetfulness,
That he may not philander with the flames before they die."

and in *Cradle Song for Eleanor*:

"Put off your twenty-odd
Encumbered years and creep
Into the only heaven,
The robbers' cave of sleep."

Sleep, and forget the "intimations of mortality"; sleep, in order that you need not be "reflective any more". To wake is to wonder if it isn't perfectly pointless for "the snowdrop to mark that life goes on for ever"; to wake is to hear the child in the womb lamenting that it must be born into a world which will transform it into a lethal automaton, a cog in a machine, a thing with a single face. According to Mr. MacNeice, it comes to this, then: oblivion alone can render bearable a universe in which the very embryo is conscious of its inevitable doom.

It's no go. This utter defeatism, although it cannot give rise to major poetry, has certainly given us a memorable poet in Louis MacNeice. He is, indeed, the personification of an age in which such a writer as Roy Campbell is a complete anachronism. Campbell is one of the few living poets capable of confounding the *zeitgeist* of negation with passionate affirmations; he blazes his way like a flame through the prevailing grey-ness, so that we see, not the quaking edifice of a world in process of self-destruction, but the beauty and the faith in beauty which will endure for ever. It is because of his utter conviction that they *will* endure that Roy Campbell can proclaim in his dedicatory poem: "My life has been the enemy of slumber", and can revitalise us, warm us through and through, in spite of our shivering rags, with that splendid sun which is both real and symbolic. The ardour with which he writes is all the more effective because of his disciplined use of traditional forms and of rhyme that is rhyme. This collection is a "must" for all lovers of true poetry, however poverty-stricken they may be, the more so because it contains the exquisite *Mithraic Emblems* in which Roy Campbell has touched the heights. This sequence, indeed, seems to afford yet one more proof that the major art of the world has always stemmed from Catholicism. It is precisely because I wish to pay the greatest tribute to his work that I hope

Mr. Campbell will forgive me when I say that I feel the inclusion of some of the satiric poems is a mistake. Let him, by all means, have at whom he pleases with fisticuffs, but why draw the attention of future generations to *homunculae* far better forgotten? Let the dead, in effect, bury their own dead . . .

With Clifford Dyment, we enter a half-world whose pearly shadows are shot through with light—but never the triumphant light of Mr. Campbell's sun. Mr. Dyment is a metaphysical poet, and speaks only for the perceptive; his is a voice to which we need to be attuned. His new collection begins in 1935 and ends (as does Mr. MacNeice's) in 1948, and to those who read it, it will soon become apparent how much his later work has gained in significance. It testifies, in fact, to his need to achieve a "break-through"—in other words, to affirm in a world of negation. *Letter To A Friend* begins:

"I wish I could write to you happily, for I
Approve felicities, but I am shut
In a convent of my own building where I am a Prior
Of puzzled faith, and I would break out—"

Again, in *Now Is The Fall*, he writes:

"O let us early find in death
Our mystery and life:
And let us say
Fall is not death, O man immortal."

He no longer finds an escape in love or in sleep from the "absolute hour when the cock will crow;" in his anxiety to affirm, he "calls to the heavens for the redeeming shock of a rage that ravishes even the angels." These most recent poems of Mr. Dyment have raised him very considerably in stature. Out of his deepening experience, he is finding more and more to give.

Despite the fact that *The Hyppolitus of Euripides* should directly assault the emotions, Rex Warner's translation is curiously unmoving to read. The Phaedra, for instance, though she may be as interesting psychologically as Racine's heroine, scarcely ever expresses more than hopeless infatuation, a poor substitute for passion. It may be that Mr. Warner has steered his way a little too circumspectly between the Scylla of archaic language and the Charybdis of modern idiom; it may be that he has aimed at a workman-like and straightforward, rather than an inspired version. Certainly something vital is missing, and yet, contradictory though it may sound, I can readily imagine this *Hyppolitus* coming to life for us if we are given the opportunity of hearing it on the Third Programme.

FIVE LIVELY LADIES

Edith Sitwell, "The Canticle of the Rose", (Macmillan, 15s.); *Kathleen Raine*, "The Pythoness and Other Poems", (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.); *Jacquetta Hawkes*, "Symbols and Speculations", (The Cresset Press, 7s. 6d.) *Franziska Hyde*, "Saxon Crown", A Dramatic Poem, (Williams & Norgate, 5s.); *Rumer Godden*, "In Noah's Ark", a Poem: (Michael Joseph, 6s.).

REVIEWED BY ARTHUR VIVIAN

The reviewer's chief privilege, in default of enriching his own library with the books, is to range his reviewees in order of excellence, or preference, as done unhesitatingly above.

The present reviewer's impressions of the Sitwells date from after the first of the Great Wars to End War, when they seemed strange birds, flamboyant self-assertive personalities, from Edith reading her poems exquisitely to the "Heretics" at Cambridge, that admirable C. K. Ogden creation, to Sashie seen trumpeting his way years later through the Church of Daphne, miles from Athens; down to an occasion during the Second of such Wars (and none than she more loathes the thought of wars) at the Wigmore Hall, in aid of China, when Edith—and Louis MacNiece—read their poems exquisitely aloud, and a dozen others, including the yet youthful Kathleen Raine, she too a real poet, read theirs very poorly and inaudibly.

The point of these remarks is that the Sitwells were not trying to be "affected", *pour épater nous autres bourgeois*, with their strange clothes and manners and voices: they were being quite naturally themselves. But have continued working on themselves and their art until both in their way developed and perfected.

Edith Sitwell's collection, covering the years 1920-1947, is full of things well known and already classical, but gains greatly from collection, and contains numbers of other things far less beloved than they deserve to be. The *Rose* of the title is of itself almost a poem, symbol dear to her as it long has been of Jesus, of the Immanence of Things, even of England. "Still falls the Rain" is one of the loveliest protests at war ever torn from a poet's heart, and known to most of us from Edith's collection *Street Songs*, 1942, and should be known by heart with *Lullaby* and *Serenade*, *Any Man to Any Woman*, so packed with echo from the 16th century and any other memorable time. Brief citation gives the "feel", *Raids* 1940:

Still falls the Rain—
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

And of the raiding enemy plane,
 Though the world has slipped and gone,
 Sounds my loud discordant cry
 Like the steel bird's song on high:
 "Still one thing is left—the Bone!"
 Then out danced the Babioun . . .

Ben Jonson used "(we) outdanced the Babioun", active. The Bone, hard skeleton and pith left behind the transitory, is almost as dear a symbol to Edith, and as typical, as the Rose.

And so I love you till I die—
 (Unfaithful I, the cannon's mate):
 Forgive my love of such brief span,
 But fickle is the flesh of man,
 And death's cold puts the passion out.
 Then *die* with me and be my love . . .

The opening part of this volume shows us much of this poet's genesis and that of her Rose and her Bone, in some experiments now a shade dated and others now classical, notably in *Gold Coast Customs*, which recalls that world of negro mumbo-jumbo which Vachel Lindsay was putting over in his golden voice in 1920; Vachel a fighter for the Blacks, Edith a fighter, in Jesus' name, against the worst in the Whites, using that same trenchant idiom which her brother Sir (then plain) Osbert used so venomously well in his *National Rat Week*, on our late Monarch's deposition, as well as in his too rare serious verse.

All this develops inexorably into the title section and the title poem itself, *The Canticle of the Rose*. Here we have come far, into a world of tremendous echoes and erudition, from the Rig Vedantic odes of the beginning to the modern psychologies and Theosophies and solar myths echoed in so much "failed-B.A." imitation. Here, however, the poetry is authoritative, the language classical. That air-raid "rain" recurs in a Song,

How simple was the time of Cain
 Before the latter Man-made rain . . .
 And the ghost of Man is red
 With the sweep of the world's blood . . .

and goes through the world of alchemy and magic where gold is part life-giving sun and medicine, part Mammon and defecation, to what so profoundly shocked her, the devastation caused by the atomic bomb, embodying eye-witnesses' words, "The song died in the Ray . . . Where is she now? Dissolved, and gone—And only her red shadow stains the unremembering stone", to her final Act of Faith, (The Rose cries) "I cry of Christ, Who is the ultimate Fire Who will burn away the cold in the heart of Man", to end with beautiful Old English line:

"This smel is Crist, clepid the plantynge of the Rose in Jericho."

Herein we have the Artist waxed to great stature. It is authentic, "memorable speech", as Auden and Garrett so well defined poetry; or like her own phrase of Eliot's lines, they "have the strength of the bones, that are no longer held together even by the cold."

Miss Raine, as already indicated, is like Miss Sitwell in being a very real poet—and it is typical and significant of them both that one recognises each as a poet and does not think of a "poetess". She too is entirely natural in her use of the "modern poetic idiom" which comes out so insufferably "pseudo" in the pretenders' hands; and she too has been steadily developing, both in depth and in ease. Her maturity is well shown in the message to a lover as to the white mountain of attainment which has no visible access, is reached by miracle:

Our being is the simple, simple thing,
And the mountain and the longing, poles apart
Become the axis of the living world:
Their distance is the span of what we are.

and equally in her Traveller,

A hundred years I slept beneath a thorn
Until the tree was root and branches of my thought,
Until white petals blossomed in my crown.

ending superbly

I must live, I must die,
I am the memory of all desire,
I am the world's ashes, and the kindling fire.

She has indeed a particular gift for final lines, verses, or cadences. The title poem, *For John Hayward* (how Shakespearian a name), beginning

I am that serpent-haunted cave
Whose navel breeds the fates of men.

ends:

I am that feared and longed-for burning place
Where man and phoenix are consumed away,
And from my low polluted bed arise
New sons, new suns, new skies.

—even the play on words how true Shakespearian.

The poem admirably intitled *Chastity Matters Less Than You Think*
ends:

Nor can your fall impair
Nature's virginity, still inviolate
Through her millennia of little deaths.

While *Woman to Lover* ends in true poetic image

I am a dream before nothingness,
I am a crown of stars,
I am the way to die.

Perhaps the most notable is the last poem, *The End of Love*, ending
 Now he is gone
 Why should I mourn
 My true love more
 Than mud or stone?

Even her mystical eruditions are (just) tolerable preciosities. *The Sky of Angels* is one of her most typical,

Eye cannot penetrate the darkness of the glory
 As the beating heart of eternity
 Throbs out the resounding OM of being
 In waves that overflow all sense, past sight, past sound.

Here too admirable vision, symbols to portray it, and a growing sensitivity of tongue. But, OM!

Miss Hawkes (also a nursing devotee of Mr. John Hayward, to whom the dedication) has a weakness perhaps displayed within her title: here we indeed have symbols and speculations, here too we have poetry, but one feels there is the less of the spontaneous latter because the poetess is so set on producing specimens of the former.

Nevertheless we are grateful for the unstraining simplicity of beauty in the seven sestets of *Rooks*.

Familiar rooks, long may I hear you calling
 And wake again to hear you rising, falling
 All past and future caught in your design . . .

The final section, *Man in Time*, contains three longer and ambitious poems, and these succeed even better: the vision is there.

Miss Friska Hyde's drama is "set" by a frontispiece of illegible 7th century Anglo-Saxon B.M. manuscript. Within the limits of this setting a piece of conscientious dramatization has been done, allowing for Miss Hyde's admitted invention of genealogies and motives for historical persons and acts. One wonders what linguistic mystery lies behind "Franziska" that she prints the name Byörn as Beorn and sounds it Bee-yawn, while Cyneard is three heavy syllables, Kin-EE-Yard. And there is too much syllable-padding with do and did and inversions. There are passages in which the rhyming couplets run convincingly, but too often we are repelled by tortuosities.

Period lovers will, however, find here an interesting if somewhat distorted tale, where if the puppets move, they do little else suggestive of life.

Of Mrs. Rumer Godden's quality, however, there can be no doubt. "This poem, told in epic form, is her first long poem", the dust-cover proclaims. She too inevitably challenges comparison with Vachel Lindsay in *Daniel Jazz* albeit on a far less subtle scale than once Dr. Edith Sitwell, and one has of each of them that strange foreknowledge of each

word in its place. The difference is that Lindsay's every word was poetry, while Mrs. Godden's is *about* poetry (symbolised by Pegasus, the Winged Horse), and poetry is manifestly not her medium.

"Yip I addy, yelled the little dog . . .

and

"I have a voice and I must speak," cried Pegasus.

"My name is Pegasus and not gee-gee".

are words and lines of a type which can be sold in great poetry, even were it about Noah's Arks. Which this is not. Even the grammar, the spelling, limps. "I have been outcaste"—make mind up, either am an outcaste or have been outcast.

Here we have a gay and entertaining "piece for esteem or prestige" among such as admire gaiety in Noah's Ark guise—mentally-fifteen in their fifties—but owing to the above and other imperfections the underlying allegory, whatever it may be, does not come over.

Mrs. Godden's final line is in the mouth of one of her characters, and runs

Noah says I am a poet. I wonder if I am—

a doubt not shared on the present evidence by the present reviewer.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Poet Chaucer by Nevill Coghill (Oxford University Press, 6s.)

Visions from Piers Plowman: a new rendering by Nevill Coghill (Phoenix House, 12s. 6d.)

Selected Poems of Ben Jonson, edited by Ronald Duncan (Grey Walls Press, 3s. 6d.)

Selected Poems of William Morris, edited by Jack Lindsay (Grey Walls Press, 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Coghill's study of *Chaucer* is written with impressive elegance. In an introduction it is absurd to expect overmuch detail; but one does become anxious for Mr. Coghill to develop some of his urbane hints about rhetoric; Andreas Capellanus—one of the geometers of courtly love; and that willingness—*Cupidon Crucifixus*—to inter-change the terms of sacred and profane love. None of these absorbing topics are given much spatial dignity. The plan of the book is to mingle the slender thread of biography with a general account of Chaucer's major writings.

Piers Plowman is a difficult poem: but why so much suspicion of its allegorical structure? Why so much impatience with its alliterative machinery? Mr. Auden's brilliant, if slightly arid, use of alliteration gives

the method a certain authority and interest. As for allegory, it is the modern unwillingness to view life in richly symbolical terms, appealing to public sensibility, not the mediaeval poetic system, which is at fault. Mr. Coghill has translated into contemporary English a large section of the poem. His translation gives an immediate sense of the pitch of alliterative verse, full of the casual cadences of human speech. There are also some useful appendices. The whole book should help us to a reconsideration of the alliterative tradition written as Professor Spiers has pointed out, not for a peasant, but for a courtly audience (*cf.* that excellent west-midland poem *Winner and Wastour*).

It is a long cry from Langland to Jonson; but in his reification of abstractions; in his 'humour' plays and in the symbolic personages of his epigrams, Jonson was using the same honourable tradition. Mr. Duncan, known to be a judicious admirer of this great poet, in a vigorous introduction, claims that 'Jonson is the most graceful and supple of all English lyricists.' Certainly his influence was lasting and altogether salutary. 'The Sons of Ben' constituted a talented and prodigal tribe: Herrick; Randolph; Lord Falkland; Cartwright; Shirley, men of different tastes and temperament all buckled into song by the moral energy of that massive personality. Some of his songs are indeed very fine; yet I think he is, at his best, an Horatian, a sententious and truculent writer of Odes and Elegies. At the moment the canon of Jonson's poetry leaves something to be desired. A number of poems in *Underwoods*, which appeared four years after his death, are, very possibly, not his. One of the poems not given by Mr. Duncan shall provide a text: the Ode: 'Though beauty be the mark of praise' written in what, to me, is the most haunting and majestic cadence in our tongue: the metre of Lord Herbert's *Ode*; of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. This poem may be Lord Herbert's, although I must admit to having no *a posteriori* evidence. If Jonson's lovers—and I hope they are legion—think this a blasphemy, I can only plead that he is rich enough to bear the loss.

William Morris was the first poet whom I read seriously, being fourteen. *The Defence of Guenevere* still moves my mind, not to an excitement, but to a kind of midnight trance, when I am content to serve at a Christmas Mystery with Galahad, or feel the silent sonority of King Arthur's Tomb between those two lovers, his Queen and knight. The knights indeed, with their heaumes, and Avalon, "a place a little below the sun", are somewhat misty now; yet they have all the generous associations of the poetry one reads in early adolescence. Mr. Lindsay introduces this book admirably. There is only one point at which, I feel, he is over-stressing a case. He remarks that Morris "was a great man, whose poetry was only a partial expression of the fullness of life in him. Yet for that very reason his poetry has elements of greatness which set him apart from all other poets after Keats, Shelley and Byron. Whereas Browning and Tennyson

are men who write poetry . . ." there is a gap between their art and their life. "In Morris there is no gap. . . . His art and life are one at all levels; his life has the evident structure of a work of art." In a sense this is very true. Morris's life was great; but great in action at the expense of his poetry. Arnold provides us with the example of a man whose poetry deserted him when he tried to influence his own age from the centre. Wisely, he wrote little and published less when he took to Biblical criticism and secondary education.

IAIN FLETCHER.

POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN

Poems from the Persian by J. C. E. Bowen (Blackwell 10s. 6d.)

Ghazels (Persian Love Lyrics) by Mrs. George Baskerville (The Griffin Press, Auckland).

Fitzgerald is not Omar Khayyam, but the bulk of the English-reading world think of Omar Khayyam when they think of Persian Poetry. More glory to Fitzgerald.

Withal, Fitzgerald's countryman, Mr. Bowen has produced a thing of beauty. . . . He has made each poem his own in English. The rifts are loded with an ease of approach and freshness of image that do, indeed, make their own significant contribution to our continuing literature.

The production is a bouquet to the unjaundiced eye: it was worth Mr. Bowen's great efforts to secure the original painting from which the inspiration for jacket and frontispiece was derived: and there is a neat wood-engraving to illustrate each of the fifty poems. There is no doubt of Mr. Bowen's saturation in his labour of love. I *have* seen other translations, but I do *not* ask why Mr. Bowen has not included, shall we say, Minuchihi and—others!

The wells of Persian poetry go further back in human history than her oil wells. The post-Mohammedan period alone covers a thousand years. Too much Persian poetry was (and is) corrupted by Court patronage, a great deal formed a separate body as the mystical poetry of the Sufis. Some of this even in translation is not always an infliction on the English temperament. Perhaps of all its forms the epic (*Firdusi*) and the *ghazal* or lyric (several) are the most translatable, and in Mrs. Baskerville's garland we have the love-lyrics without the Sufi's divine symbolism. Once again we know how lovers make the whole world kin in hyperbolic truth. The *ghazal* is Persian alloyed with Arabic. But if the other Persian wells were defiled by the Arabic admixture, the well of the *ghazal* has rather tended to produce the sweeter water. Mrs. Baskerville's book is slighter, but it has been joyously served by both translator and printer.

FREDOON KABRAJI.

SHAKESPEARIAN EMENDATIONS (IX)

(As You Like It: Concluding Article)

HOWARD PARSONS

Shakespeare's tremendous output during his twenty-three years or so of playwriting, left him, I submit, no time for going back on old plays, for he was too busy with new ones. Another great writer, Hazlitt, said that when ~~he~~ had written a thing, he lost all further interest in it, and that once it was in print "that settles it." I think that is true of all prolific writers, and that it was so with Shakespeare, seems proved by his line "Things won are *done*, Joy's soul lies in the doing." (*Troilus and Cressida*), save that it was after the "first night" that he transferred his attention from the play. Hence, theories of his making second drafts or revisions of any of the plays, in the absence of real evidence cannot be maintained.

The *Cambridge* says (page 98) "Let us turn now to certain inconsistencies in the play (*As You Like It*) and particularly in this scene (they refer to 1, 2.) and see if they throw any light upon the question of revision." We should thank them for raising an interesting question, even though we may have to shew there are *no* inconsistencies in the play. They raise three points, which I head as follows, (1) Was the Duke's Banishment Recent? (2) Was the Banished Duke Left un-named? (3) Which was the taller, Rosalind or Celia? I give below the results of my study of these items.

Was the Duke's Banishment Recent? Oliver says:

1.1.92. Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes at the new Court?

CHARLES. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke,—

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

CHA. O no;—

OLI. Where will the old Duke live?

CHA. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden, and a many merry men with him;—

OLI. What, you wrastle tomorrow before the new Duke?

1.3.67. DUK. I (aye) Celia, we staid her for your sake, Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay—I was too yong that time to value her, But now I know her:

2.1.1. DUK. SEN. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile: Hath not old custome made this life more sweete Then that of painted pompe?

In the first excerpt, it seems that the old duke's banishment was recent and in the second and third, that it took place a long while ago, but this difference was not inadvertent. The first quotation (save for the last line) recites past events: if it were omitted, the action would continue as at present, but the reader would be unprepared for what was to come, hence, it was inserted merely to give information, as was Puck's "I am invisible" (M.N.D. II. 1. 186). The information had to be given in a form palatable to a theatrical audience, hence, the subject of the first quotation appears topical, whereas, in reality, it is a recital of past events.

Had Charles told Oliver that the banishment took place several years ago, the critics would have objected that, if such were the case, Oliver must have known all about it, so that Charles was retailing stale news, and Oliver deceiving the audience into thinking it was the first he had heard of it. On the other hand, it was part of the poet's intention to exhibit the advantages of a return to nature, and unless he could inform the audience that the exiles had been living in that state for a long while, it would have been charged against the experiment that it was too short to be conclusive. Shakespeare skilfully achieved the first part of his task by means of the phrase "there's no news but the *old* news", the indefiniteness of which offsets the apparent newness of the rest, and the path is kept clear for the second and third statements later in the play. Cowden Clarke considered "this is one of his strokes of dramatic art", but the *Cambridge* accuses our national idol of "a glaring inconsistency" (page 99) and says he "forgot" that "the old duke had been deposed some years before the time of the opening of the play." the forgetfulness occurring "when writing his expository scene for his second draft" which, it seems to me, there is no proof of his ever having made. The *Warwick* says "There's no news but the old news" is absurd, but I am confident my readers will consider I have proved the significance of the phrase. It is rash to make a disparaging remark concerning Shakespeare.

Was the Banished Duke Left Un-named—as stated by the *Cambridge*? The name "Frederick", in connection with the two dukes, occurs three times in the Folio. The first is in the following passage, I. 2.76, between Celia, the clown (Touchstone) and Rosalind.

CÆL. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

CLO. One that *old* Fredericke your Father loves.

ROS. My Fathers love is enough to honour him enough: speake no more of him.

The *Warwick* says, regarding Rosalind's speech "Probably a printer's error. Ros. for Cel." but although Celia asked the question, Touchstone must have addressed his reply to Rosalind, as is shewn by her speech and the following facts, viz. Rosalind was miserable because her father was banished (1.2.4) whereas Celia said that providing Rosalind was with her, she would not miss her own father (1.2.10) and "my father's rough and envious disposition sticks me at heart" (1.2.229), therefore, Rosalind's speech fits her precisely, but would be at odds with her words if given to Celia (as was done by Theobald, who has been followed by many editors). Further, Charles had stated, I.1.94 "the *old* duke is banished by his *younger* brother"; for all these reasons, "*Old* Frederick" is the banished duke. Had this not been the case, it might have been corrected in the Second Folio, for a few lines earlier (line 49) it corrected "perceiveth" to "perceiving".

Duke "Frederick" is again mentioned 1.2.209,

DUK. What is they name yong man?

ORL. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

DUK. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else.

{Exit Duke.

CEL. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to Fredericke.—

ROS. Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should have given him teares unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle Cosen,

Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him:

Here, "Fredericke" is the *new* duke.

It is evident from Celia's concluding remark "Let us goe thanke him" that by the time it was made, Orlando was not within easy hearing distance of Rosalind and Celia. Had Orlando's second speech been addressed to the ladies, they would not, in order to thank him, have had to "go" to him. The Duke having gone, Orlando's words must have been a soliloquy, and should follow hot on Frederick's unfriendly remark regarding his father. Had he made the remark to Rosalind, she would have replied to him instead of referring to him as "this young man", which, I have shewn he was too far off to hear. It is obvious he did not hear Celia's question. From all this, I submit the case is won for placing Celia's question after Orlando's soliloquy. Rosalind's remark will then follow Celia's question, to which it was the reply, instead of being unaccountably separated from it by Orlando's soliloquy, for, of course, Rosalind did not leave Celia's question unanswered.

5.4.151. Orlando's "second brother" says

Duke Frederick hearing how that everie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest—

Here, "Duke Frederick" is, unquestionably, the *new* duke.

Can it be that both the dukes were named "Frederick"? Perhaps Shakespeare had the eight Henrys in mind (for the last of them was reigning a few years before the poet was born) and we are to suppose a long line of numbered Fredericks and that the younger brother usurped the name and added the new number? This is rendered very probable by Touchstone's line "One that *old* Frederick, your father, loves", in which he distinguishes the old from the young, or, say, the 7th duke from the 8th. Without that reason, Touchstone's remark would have been very disrespectful to both father and daughter, and therefore, he would not have made it. I hope after reading the above, the editor of the *Cambridge* edition will no longer feel "forced to conclude" that "old Frederick" was a mistake on Shakespeare's part and that he "forgot that it belonged to the younger and not the elder duke."

Which was the taller, Rosalind or Celia?

1.3.115. Ros. I am more than common tall.

1.2.260. LE BEAU. the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter of the banished duke.

4.3.87. OLI. the woman (Celia) low,
and browner than her brother (Rosalind, disguised).

Rowe, Pope and later critics are unanimous that "taller" is a misprint, but are not agreed as to what should take its place. Rowe, Pope and others suggested "shorter"; Malone "smaller" and Staunton "lower". I favour "lower" for I consider Oliver's "low" to be its echo. If the two downstrokes of the "w" were written extra long, they might have been taken for two "l's", thus making the two words agree as to length, and very closely as to letters.

The whole action of the play rests on Rosalind's successful impersonation of a young man, and being a beautiful girl, her only physical asset for the part was her tallness. The *Cambridge* speaks (page 102) of Shakespeare making "first and second drafts" of the play, but their reasons for the statement are entirely unconvincing when based on the word "taller". The poet was accustomed to deliver his plays with "scarce a blot", so was one of the most unlikely of all playwrights to alter a play, once it had left his hands, and therefore, if there were changes made to it, they were by another person. Also, the *Cambridge* says he "changed his mind about the relative heights of the two girls" but he could not have done so, for with a short Rosalind and a tall Celia his exquisite comedy would have been reduced to a farce. The *Cambridge's* final words of the passage are "every editor has assumed his (Shakespeare's) final intention was

that Rosalind was the taller''. But it seems to me that *no* other editor ever thought of it that way, for not one of them could have imagined Shakespeare as wavering on the point. Therefore, all three quotations, as originally written, were (and remained so during Shakespeare's lifetime) in agreement that Rosalind was *much* taller than Celia.

It was said recently, that Shakespeare would have shewn even greater genius if he had invented his own plots, instead of borrowing them, but he should be commended for making use of what he found ready to hand, and should be judged only by how he performed what he undertook. Had he invented all his plots, it would not have bettered his plays. For example, had the plot of one of his tragedies been entirely of his own contriving, that play, other things being equal, would have been no more to his credit than one of his historical plays, of which history provided him with at least, the outline of the plot—which proves the detractive remark I have mentioned to be a fallacy. And as inventing plots would have taken much time, we should have had fewer of his plays.



THE SOURCE

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

What dark magnetic source, what clenching rock
 Gave that cool stream of life its channelled strength
 To flow unhesitant along the track
 Where time winds its interminable length?

For in that calm lies all a world's desire
 Vibrant and leashed, as hounds upon the trace
 Scent the far coverts with tense reins on fire
 With blind instinctive yearning for the chase.

Not neutral impulse, not uncertain urge
 Brought this proud soul to being, but a fierce
 Wave of high purpose loosed in passionate surge
 From the deep birth-spring of the universe.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PETÖFI

Sir,

As the other collaborator in the English translation of *Sixty Poems by Alexander Petöfi* 1823-49, reviewed by Joseph Bard* in your January-February issue, I should like to answer his review from the viewpoint of an American who was born and bred in Hungary.

Mr. Bard objects to the "disproportionate number of Petöfi's political poems included here", adding that "as the selection was published in Budapest . . . these poems may be welcome behind the Iron Curtain." Translation began in 1943. All poems were ready and sent to Budapest in 1947 in time to be published for the Centenary of Hungary's War of Liberty: 1948. There are nine political poems, not disproportionate since Petöfi was an acknowledged leader of the Movement, later the War of Liberty of 1848-49. To have omitted in an anthology of Petöfi's work a representative selection of his political poems which embody the ideas and ideals for which he fought and died on the battlefield would have been a grave error indeed for which we could have been justly censured.

Mr. Bard sees fit to criticize Petöfi himself as lacking "the critical intelligence to resist the revolutionary extravaganzas of his Age. If this be a fault Petöfi shared it with the greatest literary figures of his day in all of Europe.

Since Mr. Bard relegates an important part of the poet's work to that of a half-witted political pamphleteer I feel impelled to quote from a critic who was at home in both English and Magyar. This critic was A. B. Yolland of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, late Professor of English Literature at the University of Budapest. In his essay on Petöfi, 1906, this able critic wrote: . . . "one of the greatest lyrical poets who have ever lived . . . I often wonder when reading Petöfi whether Matthew Arnold, that stern critic of poetic worth, would not—had he known the Hungarian poet as he really is—have placed him side by side with Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Homer and Burns."

I am, etc.

EMIL DELMAR.

* Our critic will reply to this letter in the next issue.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sir,

I am writing this letter from The Old Rectory, Shawell, near Rugby. In this house was written *The Brook*. In the Laundry and by the brook many parts of *In Memoriam* were written—also parts of other poems.

The May Queen, perhaps, and *Eleanor*. The associations with Tennyson were very close and intimate and the daughter, Jenny Elmhirst, was a bridesmaid at his wedding.

The "farm" of the farmer in *The Brook* is located (here?) . . .

Surely the time has passed when we are afraid to speak of the "dirty pipe," his first love, Sophie Elmhirst,* and his associations here? There has been a good deal of side-tracking, and my late friend Mr. Wallis Mansford (so full of the poetic Tennyson) was scandalised that "Shawell" should claim *The Brook*—but if he had only known!!! An old, old woman recently died, who was cook at The Rectory as a youngster when Tennyson used to visit. She had been sent from Somersby, nearby, by Mrs. Elmhirst's aunt to be in the family and knew all the daughters, Maud, Jenny, etc., etc., and the one surviving son. She gave me the photographs of the old Elmhirst and his wife, and her stories were most entertaining.

Yours,

MARGARET C. G. HINMAN.

* See *Alfred Tennyson* by Charles Tennyson, 1949, p. 233.—Ed.

AIDAN CLARKE

Sir,

On December 19 last there passed away at St. Mary's Hospital, Highgate, a sometime member of the Poetry Society and a frequent verse contributor to *The Poetry Review* and *Poetry of To-day*.

Albert Horace Eyre ("Aidan Clarke"), organist, was a most prolific verse-writer and also a writer of prose articles; a contributor, indeed, of *The Hibbert Journal*. Many of his poems, I would add, were set to music by his friend, the composer, Alec Rowley.

Born at Battersea in 1882, the poet's very full output of work was produced largely at Richmond where he lived since 1914.

It is sad to think that most of the poems of "Aidan Clarke" (apart from those that saw magazine publication) were printed at his own expense;—a commentary both on his unswerving courage and on the unspeakable conditions which govern verse publication at the present day.

Yours,

ARTHUR ROW.

THE GREENWOOD PRIZE—1949

Most of the work submitted for this competition was extremely bad. A great many of the poems were empty and pretentious, a great many shamelessly imitative, and a great many so banal in thought and phrasing that they would be rightly rejected by collectors of cracker mottos. I would have found it difficult to decide in principle between short lyrics and longer poems, had there been any lyrics of real quality. As things were, the longer poems had it their own way, only one lyric reaching a standard that gave pleasure. My choice is as follows:—

1. NANGA PARBAT, by Stanley Snaith.

This poem was to my mind in a class by itself. Written with authority, it had something definite to say. Mr. Snaith seems to me to have solved very happily the problem of an authentic and contemporary speech which still has formal dignity. This was the only poem of the whole lot which, were I an editor, I should unhesitatingly accept.

2. BRIDE, by Andrew Keith.

This is an entirely sincere narrative poem, with no memorable line or stanza, but pleasantly impressive as a whole. It made me respect its author; and, while it in no way approaches the individuality and clear, muscular quality of the winner, it succeeds very well in saying what it sets out to say.

3. YEOMAN LATIMER, by Raymund Bourne.

This is an honest and straightforward narrative poem, a little too faithfully devoted to its originals; shall we say, a poem which would not have been written if certain other poets had not existed. It is uneven, but compels respect for an object steadfastly pursued.

4. VIGIL AND POSTSCRIPT, by Iris Nixon.

Here the achievement is not equal to the intention, but a rough sincerity and vigour carries the reader along. The poem is genuinely likeable, in spite of uncertainty and unevenness.

5. THE PILGRIM, by Ursula Bond.

This is a pleasant light lyric, which might well be set to music—though I think the last five lines would have to be recast. I liked this poem because the feeling and form were evenly balanced.

6. PEGASUS RETURNS, by Margaret Stanley-Wrench.

This poem does not come off as a whole, but there are good things in it.

I think it would be pointless for me to comment in detail on any more of the verses which were submitted. The general level disappointed and astonished me.

L. A. G. STRONG.

NANGA PARBAT

Note.—In 1934 Willy Merkl led an expedition to Nanga Parbat, the 26,000 foot "Mountain of Horror" which dominates the Western Himdlaya. It suffered the worst disaster in Himalayan annals, four climbers and six porters losing their lives.

At Base in the rippling train of the mountain,
Where grass founded a chivalry on the stone
And primula and moth carried their tender culture,
The future lifted its finger from our brows.
We had cause enough to prize the giving moments:
Mornings when the sun gilding the ice-axe
Prospered our hopes with a blue crucifix;
Hours when the snowcrests leaning on their shadows
Ushered the stars with a *Jubilate* of light.
But soon the invisible doors shut behind us;
The instruments were witnessed, the seal pressed home.

On the climb to the *Sattel*,
The packhorse drag up and down the icefall,
We carried tents, food, stores, vestiges
Of the life we were renouncing; and we carried
The monster Abstinence that grappled our backs.
We drank like an opiate, functioned
With the moon-led precision of the sleep-walker.
Restless at night in the tents, our forlorn village,
Last outskirts of a world robed in Neighbourhood,
Communing at the brink
Of the silence that divided us, our citizenship
Of one another perished in the frozen
Foundries of origin.

Day by day the log
Served a footless muse—recorded distances, times,
Wind-readings, temperatures, never a breath
Of the thought that refused to stay unthinkable,
The death-wish nourished on the hermit plain,
Whose orisons turn for ever
Dizzy on the wheel. It brothered us on the rope,
Creeping up the lip of that storm-cauldron,
Nicking footholds in the unknowable,
With hazel switches planted to mark the way
Of those who should return.
We paved a causeway for ambition, driving

Our own mistrust before us. Duration
 Fainted on the pulse;
 The senses came home as the priests of illusion;
 We were dethroned from our eyes.
 And as we rose to draw the mighty bolts
 Of the attic of a continent, we startled
 No secrets into life—only the archetypal
 Sexless womb of Nullity, a world
 Taking the vows of silence and immurement;
 And the breathing cord that bound us to our identity
 Strained as though the abhorred birth were signalled.
 The Quest died where we fell.

The dead have colonised this land, they rule
 By the civics of the worm, their intuition
 Looks out under the eyelids of the living.
 Through the dead we saw our fate in the sky's crystal
 Turning on the lifted, wrinkled palms of Asia;
 Received the expiation laid upon us
 By the stern court of the stars.
 Were you not pledged, Welzenbach,
 To accept death as a kinsman,
 Leaving to Lethe the absolving offices?
 And you, Merkl, had you already in thought
 Adopted anchorite ways, built for yourself a cave
 Not to be forced by lightning of revelation?
 You most of all, Gay-lay, hired for a daily anna,
 Were you not by the climate of your blood
 Bred for the laurelled choice that was no choice—
 As though the newsboy should be moved to suffer
 The punctual calamities in his hands?

The answers are lost. The wind has buried
 Its yesterdays; the steppes have folded away
 Their knowledge; the portals of the snow are closed.
 We are the Himálaya now, the unsearchable heart.
 Wearing the pallium of the snow as a prince
 His kingdom and his grave-cloths.
 Our breath has raised a temple in the sky
 Safe against men and weathers, all but time.

STANLEY SNAITH.

THE PREMIUM AWARD

(New Series: No. I.)

When Mr. Moulton invited me to deputise for him as judge of this Competition for a single occasion, since he was in the throes of removing himself, books, beds and baggage to the country, I was somewhat cheered to note that I had less than a hundred poems to read, digest and study. But, "poor foolish man", if the quantity was not alarming, I soon discovered, unlike my colleague Mr. L. A. G. Strong, that the quality was; and what variety of style and theme I soon found. There were nearly a score of poems that would excite any catholic taste. Mr. "Ashton" was evocatively Mauresque, Miss Beaumont ineffably natural, Mr. Blundell most successfully formal, Miss Carr most arrestingly original; but each of my "Highly Commended" writers possessed most individual excellencies; and I admit that—if I ever had—I have no longer any envy of our Competition Judges' tasks. For, in the present instance, to "choose the best of the bunch" out of my odorous posy has been a perilous privilege, while a most enheartening experience. That final choice? Ah, here was the rub. I take heart, however, in the belief that Mr. Brockway's poem is as unassailable as one of the most charming of Austin Dobson's.

JOHN GAWSWORTH.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

"John Ashton," Canterbury.

Joan Beaumont, Sheffield.

G. J. Blundell, Kent.

Joan Carr, Ontario.

Phillippa Christie, South Africa.

Joan Dawson, Hants.

Katherine Gifford, Berks.

Denis Griffiths, Bucks.

Geoffrey Holdsworth, Mallorca.

T. C. Hunsley, Folkestone.

Helen Knight, Soho.

Rona Murray, British Columbia.

Edith Roseveare, S.W.16.

Joan Southey, S.W.12.

John Wheatley, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE FUNERAL OF MADAME DE R.

She rides at the fore, a winter queen,
Beneath her shining froth of flowers;
We, in the sombre limousine,
Follow behind, her courtiers.

There, where this low town boasts a hill,
The gates stand wide: she enters in;

Lies in the chapel, small and still,
While the organ plays the muted hymn.

And since she was never one for fuss,
One speech suffices to impart
What she and her living meant to us:
One speech—and something from Mozart.

Tall, black strangers have lifted her high,
We follow her out where onlookers stand
Lined up along the hedges, shy
Offering clutched in each shy hand.

Now, in my dream, I see us meet
Again, on one of her daily trips,
A witty word, like a bird to greet me,
Perched on her living, trembling lips.

Silver by lamplight, open on
Her lap the book—now three times read—
“La Vie Intime de Napoléon”,
Tapping her foot to a tune in her head.

At table, feeding slivers of cheese
To her cat, oh, hear her “Pook! Pook! Pook!”
. . . The stories she told of the limbo days,
Remembered minutely: verse, chapter and book.

Mädchen in Uniform—Fräulein Stack—
Who bullied her into telling lies—
How she sent her the photograph back,
A pin’s point pricked through both the eyes.

Dogged in love, unafraid to hate,
A mind of her own, a tongue untied;
Neat and proper—aristocrat:
Asked for Proust the night she died.

The new rope squeaks. Last words are said,
We strew white flowers—for that is meet,
And leave her—a tree bent over her head,
A withered rose-bush at her feet.

And when that bush has turned to fire,
When the air is aquiver with blossom and feather,
I will come with the sun to salute her here:
Sunshine was her weather.

JAMES BROCKWAY.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S JUNIOR SECTION

It is quite time that the Society had a Junior Section and it is certainly pleasant that we can start it at the same time as we announce the awards in the First Junior Verse Competition.

Those of you who entered will want to turn at once to the results and you will find them on the next page. We also publish the two poems that have won book prizes and hope to publish the poems that have won membership prizes in the next issue. The winners will have received their awards by the time you read these words.

What a judge says is often as important as his verdict and I would suggest that you read the comments of Mr. Hughes with careful attention. He had a hard task for there were many good entries.

You will see that he has written just as he would if he were judging one of our other competitions. This may be called a Junior Section but we are not going to make it a childish section.

I asked him what were his general impressions and he said that he had found a few poems that were, shall we say, "exercises". There were others that showed an appreciation of rhythm and a real attempt to express a true and personal feeling, but these were written in the same form and way as some well known poem. In the remainder of the entries the writers expressed something they felt deeply and sincerely, in their own way, and using words they chose specially for this purpose. His final selections rested on his opinion of what is the fount of poetry and, because I think it is important, I am going to quote his actual words:—

"When the theme seems vital to the point of forcing expression on to the writer, and is channelled and enhanced by subtle controlling artifices that are yet dominated by the theme; and when this amalgam is impressed with a passionate individual seal, then we have poetry."

A Russian poet said this of Poetry:—

"It is a steeply rising whistle:
It is the cracking of squeezed icicles:
It is frozen leaves through the night:
It is two nightingales singing a duel:
It is the stifled sweet-pea plant:
It is tears of the world on a shoulder."

It is, of course, all this and much else.

You may well ask, supposing it is all these things, what is the point of it all—what does it do—what purpose fulfil?

To that I would answer that poetry leads men where they never before have been.

If you will join with me in this special section of ours we will see where poetry leads us. The old proverb says—"He that goeth far hath many encounters", and in poetry one can travel as far as the human mind can reach.

This is personal adventuring and I want to share yours as I invite you to share mine.

Don't hesitate to write to me at 33 Portman Square, W.1.

JOHN GRADDON.

JUNIOR VERSE COMPETITION

14 to 17 years of age.

BOOK PRIZE: "Nocturne"

Charles Higham

MEMBERSHIP PRIZES: "Sea Music"

Colina MacDougal

"On The Road To Bethlehem"

Felicity Yorke

"Sand"

Elizabeth Bennett

"For A Friend"

Gloria Benjamin

The winning poems, listed above, were chosen for diverse reasons, but it may be said they have one quality in common—the quality imparted by "living" language. Charles Higham's "Nocturne", for instance, begins:

"The dreaming midnight purples down the row
Of trees. Down chasms far below
The river's slanting shadow-music weeps
Its incandescent tumult to the deeps.
Five fragile pines click in a sudden rush
Of wind from heaven. . . ."

The poem ends:

"Until at last the fingers of the day
Pluck the gold zither of the morning bay."

These lines show that the writer has looked on words as "living" entities capable of expressing meaning in a variety of ways. If we except the more obvious, and possibly derivative, artifices such as the complicated alliteration and onomatopoeia (imitative sounds), we must still recognise the picture, detailed yet unified, presented by the poem.

"Sea Music", by Colina MacDougal, contains the lines:

"Nocturne: a silver path of moonlight falls,
And still the half-heard wild sea-music calls."

Here the rhythm has been splendidly controlled. The caesura after "Nocturne:" lends expectant emphasis to the rest of the line. An effective contrast is achieved by the liquid flow of rhythm in the concluding line.

Naturally, a poem, like a picture, or like music, gains in effect through controlled contrasts in word sounds and values, and in rhythms.

The first stanza of "On The Road To Bethlehem", by Felicity Yorke, follows:

"What matter if sleet cuts like sharp-edged stones,
And the ass stumbles, jostled by the noisy crowd
That kick the dust and grime into one's face
And jar the air with cries, discordant, loud?
They do not know . . .
These weary men that plod the way and snatch
Present relief in tumult . . .
They cannot know."

This is commendable precision. A decisive picture emerges from the simple, restrained phrases, and the repetitive "They do not know . . ." . . . "They cannot know." imparts a tone of finality beyond logic. Such a poem exemplifies the power of restraint in writing.

Up to 13 years of age.

BOOK PRIZE: "The Sea"

Sue Hayes-Sadler

This poem displayed a rhythm most happily wedded to the subject. The flow and ripple of the lines create a pattern that is the subject; we can, as it were, hear the running waves behind the actual words. In all poems the artifices should so blend with the subject that the reader is not aware of strains and makeshifts; and the learning of this lesson will eventually give us the secret of poetic craftsmanship, which is essential, if not the essence of poetry itself.

In both classes of entry there was a high percentage of remarkable work. One group of entrants decided to decorate and mount their poems, and although no special consideration could be conceded, under the circumstances, the idea was sound. The craftsmen who produced illuminated manuscripts knew that visual beauty could enhance the beauty of the spoken word, even as the poetry lovers of T'ang China knew that a poem was a fit subject for scroll decoration and display.

CYRIL HUGHES.

NOCTURNE

CHARLES HIGHAM

The dreaming midnight purples down the row
Of trees. Down chasms far below
The river's slanting shadow-music weeps
Its incandescent tumult to the deeps.
Five fragile pines click in a sudden rush

Of wind from heaven; fading to a hush
And then at last to slow, repining stealth
As though they wish to steal the world's rich wealth
With lonely gestures, vague and ever slow
Over the sea where ghostly boatmen flow
Under the heady softness of the moon,
As they had felt the sun all afternoon;
They sigh and sing, taking the purple night,
And whirl it up to that far disc of white
Until at last the fingers of the day
Pluck the gold zither of the morning bay.

THE SEA

SUE HAYES-SADLER

Little waves, big waves,
Playing on the sand,
Foaming all along the beach
In a silver band.

Jumping over one another
In their hurried play,
Seeing which of them can run
Furthest away.

Rippling up and down the beach,
Gurgling on the shore,
Up and back, up and back,
And up and back once more.

Blue waves with silver crests
Playing on the sand,
In a silver line, holding
One another's hands.

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OBITUARY

WITH PROFOUND REGRET WE RECORD THE DEATH OF SIR JOSEPH CHISHOLM, IN JANUARY, AT THE AGE OF 87. SIR JOSEPH HAD BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE NOVA SCOTIA CENTRE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NOVA SCOTIA SINCE 1931 AND THRICE MAYOR OF HALIFAX. HE HAD WIDE INTERESTS, CATHOLIC TASTES AND LIVED A LIFE DEVOTED TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE. THE LOSS THAT WILL BE SO GRAVELY FELT IN NOVA SCOTIA IS SYMPATHETICALLY SHARED BY THE SOCIETY.

THE POETRY SOCIETY: ANNUAL GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual General Business Meeting of the Poetry Society (Incorporated) will be held at the offices of the Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, on Wednesday, May 24th, 1950 at 3-0 p.m., to receive the annual financial statement, and elect the general members of the General Council. Names of delegates representing Centres should be sent to the General Secretary not later than April 12th, together with names of the Centre representatives on the General Council.

Admission will be made upon production of membership cards.

Any member who wishes to bring any business before the Annual Meeting must give twenty-eight days' written notice thereof to the General Secretary. Nominations for membership to the General Council must be made by two members of the General Council or three unattached members twenty-eight days prior to the Meeting.

Any member wishing to inspect the audited Statement of Account before the General Business Meeting may do so at this office between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), or may have a copy sent on application enclosing a stamped addressed envelope after April 30th.

—By Order of the Council.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S AUDITIONS AND EXAMINATIONS

The Poetry Society has conducted auditions and examinations in the art of verse-speaking for many years, and its success in this valuable cultural activity is attested by the fact that the number of schools and institutions in all parts of England which the Society examines, continually increases.

Junior preliminary examinations are available for the youngest children and these continue through various grades, up to the final test for adult students, for which the Society's gold medal is the final award for success.

General regulations governing these auditions may be obtained on application to The Registrar, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, with whom arrangements can be made for auditions for schools, colleges, or private individuals.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Miss Doreen Duckett and Miss Doreen Wiswall were the successful candidates at the Poetry Society's Adult Gold Medal Examination held recently in Liverpool at Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper's Studio. The adjudicator was Mr. Rex Walters.

The next Adult Gold Medal Examination will take place at 33 Portman Square, W.1., on Thursday, June 1st, 1950, at 7 p.m. Entries close on May 1st, 1950.

POETS' GROUP OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

This Group, dedicated to furthering the work of active Poets within the Society, gathers "to hear each other's work and discuss the spirit and substance of poetry". All interested in attending future meetings are invited to communicate with me at The Well House, Ewell, Surrey.

LEIGH HENRY

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S CRITICAL SERVICE

The Poetry Society has pleasure in announcing the continuance of its Critical Service for Members. Two poems only may be submitted for criticism, for a minimum fee of 5s. The charge for the criticism of each additional poem is 2s. It is particularly requested that all poems submitted should be typed and that a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed.

CENTRES

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE POETRY CENTRE

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| May 13th at 2.45 p.m. | <i>Gardens Through the Ages.</i>
Mrs. Theodora Roscoe, Horn Hill Court, Chalfont St. Peter, Chalfont.
St. Giles 5; Bus 305A to its terminus. |
| May 20th at 10.0 a.m. | Day Outing to Stratford-on-Avon for Matinee at Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.
Coach starts opposite the Public Library. |
| June 10th at 2.45 p.m. | <i>Poems by John Clare and Robert Frost.</i>
Mrs. L. W. Nicholls, Withurst, Lane End: 302. |
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THE CAMBRIDGE POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Douglas B. Mortlock, Esq., 187 Histon Road, Cambridge.

THE CHELSEA POETRY CIRCLE

(Affiliated to the Poetry Society. Formed 1946)

President:

Dame Sybil Thorndike

Vice-President:

Miss Margaret Rawlings

Informal readings are held each month in member's homes, and occasional public readings at the National Trust Museum, 3 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3. Full particulars from the *Hon. Secretary*, John E. Carroll, 5 Redesdale Street, S.W.3.

THE EALING POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Miss Mary Giles, 36 Kitchener Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

THE FLORIDA POETRY CENTRES

(Formed 1946)

President General:
Marie Tello Phillips

Vice-President General:
Lillie Reed Zortman

State Presidents:

Connecticut: Lillie Offen Reed.

Maine: Effie Lawrence Marshall.

Florida: Pearl Safford.

Minnesota: Margarette Dickson.

Indiana: Grace Porterfield Polk.

Pennsylvania: Lillie Reed Zortman.

Kentucky: Ethel Koger.

Tennessee: Polly McKibben.

A *Year Book, 1949-1950*, recently received, announces considerable activity of these associated groups, particularly in Miami, Tampa, Pensacola, St. Petersburg, Coral Gables, Jacksonville and Naples; representatives have also been appointed in Key West (Marie Cappick) and Havana, Cuba (Cuca Vidal). Our grateful good wishes go to all for their interest and devotion.

THE GUILDFORD POETRY CENTRE

The Hon. Secretary of the Guildford Centre reports several successful meetings held at their Centre during the past year, including readings by Miss Roberta Shuttleworth, Miss Nancy Kirwan, Miss Odette Tchernine and Miss Renee Cohen.

Details of meetings may be obtained from The Centre Secretary, Miss C. Kearse, 132 Maybury Road, Woking.

THE HAMPSTEAD POETRY CENTRE

The meetings of the Hampstead Poetry Centre will be held on the first and third Thursdays of the month, at 8—9.30 p.m. at 9 Wentworth Mansions, Keats Grove, N.W.3, by invitation of Miss M. H. Huntsman (Hon. Secretary). The next reading will be on May 4th, 1950, when we hope to welcome our members and friends.

May 4. *Poems on "Sun, Moon and Stars".*

„ 18. *Robert Browning.*

THE NORTHERN IRELAND POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Mrs. O. G. Hasluck, 633 Lisburn Road, Belfast; or Miss H. Haddock, 18 Ashley Gardens, Belfast.

NOTTINGHAM POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Lake Aske, Esq., 21 Lady Bay Road, West Bridgeford, Nottingham.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE REIGATE POETRY CENTRE

Details of Meetings may be obtained from the Centre Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Hicks, The Alton, Alma Road, Reigate.

THE SOUTHAMPTON POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Miss Joy Bridger, 9 Archers Road, Southampton.

THE SUSSEX POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Mrs. Doris R. Richards, Oak Cottage, Eason's Green, Framfield, Sussex.

Will anyone able and willing to start a Centre in any part of the country please communicate with the Secretary, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

COMPETITIONS

THE GREENWOOD COMPETITION FOR 1950

The Poetry Society is empowered by the executors of the late Mrs. Julia Wickham Greenwood to offer the sum of £20 as the Shirley Carter Greenwood Prize for the best single poem in open competition.

Entries should be addressed "The Greenwood Prize", 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Only one poem may be submitted by any one competitor, the length not to exceed 250 lines; no previously published poem may be entered. The full name and address of the author must be given and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if return of the poem is desired. If a nom-de-plume is adopted, name and address of sender must be given in a closed envelope bearing the pseudonym. The winning poem will be printed in *The Poetry Review* and may be reprinted at the discretion of the Editor, who may also reserve near winners for publication in *The Poetry Review*.

Closing date is 31st December, 1950.

THE PREMIUM COMPETITION

The above competition continues as before with the offer of £10 in prize money which may be won outright by a single competitor or may be divided at the discretion of the Premium Adjudicator. An entrance fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged, and a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if a receipt is desired. Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. One poem only may be entered by each competitor.
2. The poem must be typed and no stamped addressed envelope will be required unless a receipt is desired. (See Rule 3.)

3. Competitors must retain copies of their poems, as none can be returned.
4. Entries must be addressed "Premium Competition", (New Series: No. 2). *The Poetry Review*, 33 Portman Square, W.1.
5. Each poem must bear the author's name and address.
6. Entrants must be members of the Poetry Society or regular subscribers to *The Poetry Review*.
7. The winner of a full Premium or one who has shared the prize twice will not be eligible for re-entry for twelve months.
8. No previously published poem may be entered.

The closing date for the next Premium Competition will be 15th August, 1950.

THE HOWARD PARSONS' EPIGRAM COMPETITION: 1951

The Poetry Society is empowered by Mr. Howard Parsons, a long-standing member of the Society, to offer the following prizes, endowed by him for an Epigram Competition.

1st prize, 5 guineas; 2nd prize, 2 guineas; 3rd prize, 1 guinea. Entries which should not have been previously published should be marked "Epigram" and should not bear a stamped addressed envelope, as MSS. cannot be returned. They should be addressed to The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, to reach here not later than 1st March, 1951. The Society reserves the right to extend the closing date of the competition should none of the entries reach the required standard.

THE LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS SONNET COMPETITION FOR 1950

The Poetry Society has the pleasure of announcing the fourth Annual Competition in memory of Lord Alfred Douglas for a sonnet upon any subject. One of the two forms adopted by Lord Alfred Douglas in his sonnets, must be used; these are:

For the Octave — 1, 2, 2, 1; 1, 2, 2, 1.

For the Sextet — 3, 4, 5; 3, 4, 5 or 3, 4; 3, 4; 3, 4.

The prize of £10 may be divided at the discretion of the adjudicator; the winning poem or poems will be published with the award in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors must retain copies of their poems as these cannot be returned. The sonnets should bear a definite title and not merely marked "Sonnet". Not more than two sonnets may be submitted by each competitor by 30th June, 1950. Address "Sonnet Competition", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Entries should bear names and addresses of competitors. No previously published poem may be entered.

POEMS OF PLACE COMPETITION FOR 1950

Mrs. A. Dorothy Holmes, a Shropshire member of The Poetry Society, offers £10 annually in competition for poems of place. Competitors who must be members of The Poetry Society, may submit not more than two poems, previously unpublished, of not more than 100 lines. All entries should be typewritten and bear the name and address of the author; poems should be addressed to "The Holmes Prize", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, not later than 1st April, 1951. The judges may divide the prize money at their discretion, and the winning poem or poems may be published in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors are asked to keep copies of their entries as these cannot be returned.